Edg. Worthy Prince I know't.
Alb. Where haue you hid your selfe?
How haue you knowne the miseries of your father?
Edg. By nursing them my Lord,
List a briefe tale, and when tis told
O that my heart would burst the bloudy proclamation
To escape that followed me so neere,
O our liues sweetnes, that with the paine of death,
Would hourly die, rather then die at once.
Taught me to shift into a mad-mans rags
To assume a semblance that very dogges disdain'd
And in this habit met I my father with his bleeding rings,
The precious stones new lost became his guide,
Led him, beg'd for him, sau'd him from dispaire,
Neuer (O Father) reueald my selfe vnto him,
Vntill some halfe houre past, when I was armed,
Not sure, though hoping of this good successe,
I askt his blessing, and from first to last,
Told him my pilgrimage, but his flawd heart,
Alacke too weake, the conflict to support,
Twixt two extreames of passion, ioy and griefe,
Burst smilingly.
Bast. This speech of yours hath moued me,
And shall perchance do good, but speake you on,
You looke as you had something more to say,
Alb. If there be more, more wofull, hold it in,
For I am almost ready to dissolue, hearing of this,
Edg. This would haue seemd a periode to such
As loue not sorow, but another to amplifie too much,
Would make much more, and top extreamitie.
Whilst I was big in clamor, came there in a man,
Who hauing seene me in my worst estate,
Shund my abhord society, but then finding
Who twas that so indur'd with his strong armes
He fastened on my necke and bellowed out,
As hee'd burst heauen, threw me on my father,
Told the most pitious tale of *Lear* and him,
That euer eare receiued, which in recounting

His griefe grew puissant and the strings of life,
Began to cracke twice, then the trumpets sounded.
And there I left him traunst.
Alb. But who was this.
Ed. Kent sir, the banisht *Kent*, who in diguise,
Followed his enemie king and did him seruice
Improper for a slaue,

Enter one with a bloudie knife,

Gent. Helpe, helpe, (knife?
Alb. What kind of helpe, what meanes that bloudy
Gent. Its hot it smokes, it came euen from the heart of-
Alb. Who man, speake?
Gent. Your Lady sir, your Lady; and her sister
By her is poysoned, she hath confest it.
Bast. I was contracted to them both, all three
Now marie in an instant.
Alb. Produce their bodies, be they aliue or dead,
This Iustice of the heauens that makes vs tremble,
Touches vs not with pity. *Edg.* Here comes *Kent* sir.
Alb. O tis he, the time will not allow *Enter Kent*
The complement that very manners vrges.
Kent. I am come to bid my King and maister ay good night,
Is he not here?
Duke. Great thing of vs forgot,
Speake *Edmund*, whers the king, and whers *Cordelia*
Seest thou this obiect *Kent.* *The bodies of Gonorill and*
Kent. Alack why thus. *Regan are brought in.*
Bast. Yet *Edmund* was beloued,
The one the other poysoned for my sake,
And after slue her selfe. *Duke.* Euen so, couer their faces.
Bast. I pant for life, some good I meane to do,
Despight of my owne nature, quickly send,
Be briefe, in toth' castle for my writ,
Is on the life of *Lear* and on *Cordelia*,
Nay send in time. *Duke.* Runne, runne, O runne.
Edg. To who my Lord, who hath the office, send
Thy token of repreeue.
Bast. Well thought on, take my sword the Captaine,